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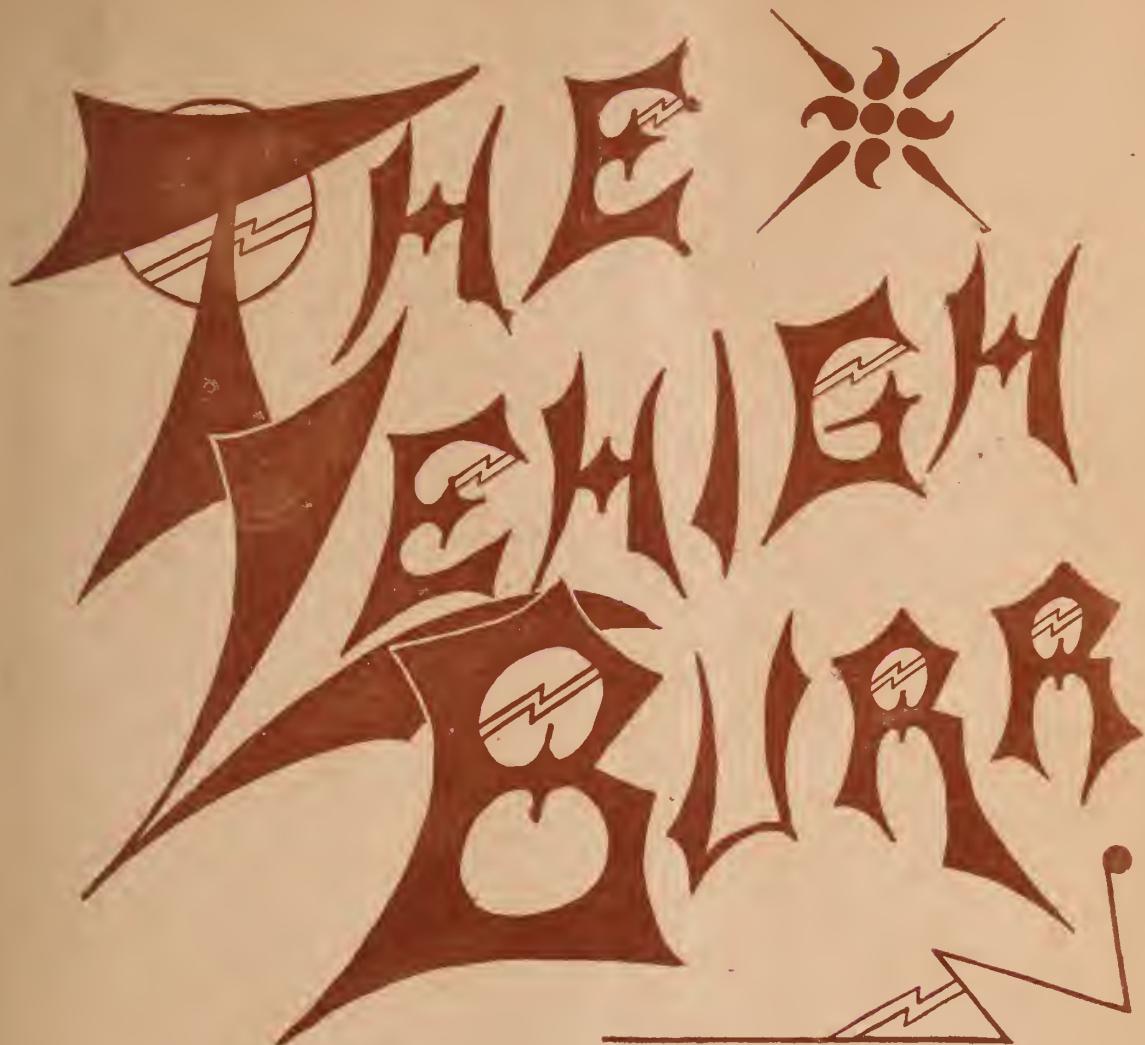


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# THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

## SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

FOUNDED BY ASA PACKER.

*The object of this Institution is to give a thorough education in Civil, Mechanical, Mining and Electrical Engineering, in Chemistry, Metallurgy, the Classics, and in General Literature.*

*Through the liberality of its Founder, the tuition in all its branches is FREE.*

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**ROBERT A. LAMBERTON, LL.D.,**

**SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.**

# THE LEHIGH BURR.

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## VOLUME XI.

### \* \* \* EDITORS. \* \* \*

**SEPTEMBER, 1891, TO APRIL, 1892.**

*Alfred Emerson Jessup, '92, Editor-in-Chief,  
Edwin Dodge, '92, Business Manager,  
Robert Reed Kitchel, '92, Alumni Editor,  
Hiram Dryer McCaskey, '93, Exchange Editor,  
Schuyler Brush Knox, '93, Local Editor,  
Morris Llewellyn Cooke, '94, Secretary,  
George Price Case, '92,  
George Harwood Frost, '93,  
Aubrey Weymouth, '94.*

**APRIL TO JUNE, 1892.**

*Hiram Dryer McCaskey, '93, Editor-in-Chief,  
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Schuyler Brush Knox, '93, Exchange Editor,  
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**SINCE JUNE 1, 1892.**

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## EDITORIAL.

**W**E wish to remind our subscribers that subscriptions must be paid before February 1st if they desire to profit by the reduction in the price. On and after that date the subscription will in all cases be two dollars and twenty-five cents.

**T**HE account in this issue of the founding of a school club at Lehigh must be gratifying to all who wish to see the college progress along the lines of social improvement. The object of this organization is fully told in another column and surely such aims need no applause at our hands. But the advantages resulting from associations of the kind must be so apparent to any considering their nature that we desire to advocate their extension here. The good they may accomplish, both to their college and to the members themselves, cannot be overestimated. There are a number of schools which are well represented at Lehigh and we can do no better than advise their former members to join themselves together as have those from the Central High School of Philadelphia.

**N**OT the least important among the functions of a college paper is its use as a medium for expression of student opinion. Until the present number the communication column of THE BURR has not been as largely utilized this year as we should like to see. There must of necessity arise many questions

of importance in the life of a college, which cannot be thoroughly discussed in the columns of its journal without the coöperation of the student body—questions which affect every individual in the institution and on which, therefore, each one is expected to have an opinion.

We hope it is thoroughly understood that THE BURR not only solicits such communications, but considers it the duty of the students to contribute them. It has been a pleasure during the past term to publish a number of interesting letters from Lehigh's alumni, and we trust that in the coming term we shall receive not only more of these, but many from the undergraduates as well.

**W**E publish to-day an able letter from Mr. F. L. Grammer, '89, in answer to Prof. Williams' open letter of Dec. 7th. When Prof. Williams' letter appeared THE BURR published an editorial comment on the subject and agreed with the opinions therein expressed, so that now we desire to add one or two remarks in support of our position.

In the first place, we do not think the question is entirely one of comparative merit between statues and scholarships, speaking generally, but whether, under the circumstances, when the college is in need of funds and desires to maintain its present high standard, it would not be more advisable to commemorate Judge Packer by presenting something which

will accomplish that object. Anything which the alumni decided to give would certainly be received with the greatest gratitude in the world, but since a question has been raised and before that decision is announced we hope the matter will be thoroughly discussed. It cannot be denied that buildings or statues alone will not make a great university any more than that professors cannot accomplish their task without buildings to work in. But given an abundance of one and a lack of the other, which should be added to? The campus is already beautiful, the student is met on every side with outward evidence of our late founder's munificence, but the working of the college is sadly impaired by lack of money.

However the matter is settled, we hope the association will act as a unit and we are sure that they will.

**T**HE days of rough college pranks are past, and the larks in which our fathers engaged are seemingly becoming exterminated. Hardly a week passes but the information is spread broadcast that some time-honored custom at this or that institution has been abandoned. If we were to give the year just closed a name as indicative of an epoch of change in the college world we should call it the era of farewell to cane-rushes; a time when not only the faculty but the students awakened to a realizing sense of their danger and folly. Now, however, the spirit of revolution is taking a slightly different form, and while the press of all classes is agitating the question of society initiations at Harvard, we are met with the news that underclass banquets at Cornell, conducted as they were in a rowdyish manner, will no longer be indulged in.

So much has been said on the former of these two subjects, and so general in tone has the discussion become, that a few remarks seem to be in place on the decline of brutality in all college affairs.

There have been handed down to the present generation numberless traditions relating

to the sports of years ago, and while many of these were harmless and innocent amusements, enough can be gleaned from the recital of others to show plainly enough that a large amount of not so innocent pleasure was indulged in. The hazing of later years has been nothing but an imitation of that to which the freshman of 1840 was subjected, and that, too, in many cases much modified and improved. Yet hazing has recently come much into disfavor, and in most places is largely unknown. Old books and illustrations contain the stories of fierce struggles for supremacy between classes, and, call them what you will—cane-rushes, foot-ball, or fence-fights—the modern battles are the continuation of these. But cane-rushes and fence-rushes, shirt-fights and hat-fights, bid fair to follow hazing, while foot-ball is no longer a bloody war.

And now, on account of some obnoxious practices on the part of the D. K. E. at Harvard, the American newspapers are carrying on a bitter campaign against what they sarcastically style college "manhood" and "bravery." The cudgel has been taken up by every one the country over. Never before was such a lively interest manifested in the affairs of the colleges. But, after all, the real work of reform is being done by the students themselves and has been going on for years. It has progressed as the liberty which those students have enjoyed has progressed, and for every cast-iron rule removed by the faculty one objectionable feature of student life has disappeared. So at the present day, when proctors and monitors are well nigh unknown, that life is in a state of purity which it never was before.

Mr. Garrison, therefore, in crying out for reform, made a mistake when he appealed to President Elliot; the newspapers make a mistake when they criticize the laxity of the Harvard faculty; and college faculties the world round will make a mistake if they hearken to such advice. The students control the social and moral character of their institutions, and the students, if the responsibility be left with them, will see to the needed changes.



**I**NQUIRIES have lately been made concerning the rather unique and far from meaningless name of THE BURR. Various explanations have been offered by The Gossip's friends and the founders of the paper have fairly been outdone in the novelty of ideas advanced by these modern investigators of the problem, "What's in a name?" But novel and appropriate as some of these suggestions have been, none of them has approached the depth of sentiment conveyed in this title, and, The Gossip ventures to add, few of them ever would. In fact, it has often been a source of regret to the Gossip that THE BURR's dire warning to its enemies did not still adorn its title page, and for fear that some of his readers have forgotten the implied caution, he will state what it is.

Like all newcomers in the world of journalism, THE BURR, when the question of starting such a paper arose, met with considerable opposition, both at home and abroad; and so frequent and so startling in its nature did this opposition become that the first board of editors wisely decided to resolve themselves into a huge chestnut burr and said to their patrons, gently but firmly, "Don't sit on me!" The unpleasantness of such a disaster seemed to immediately impress itself on the minds of all, and to this day no one has been known to face the ordeal, although the faculty has occasionally poked us rather forcibly with a stick.

\* \* \*

The Gossip lately had the pleasure of hearing the Princeton and Rutgers glee clubs and to him they seemed no better trained than Lehigh's. But as he listened to the typical college songs taken from the Yale and Princeton song books he thought how pleasant it

would be to hear a selection from a collection of Lehigh songs. He has it upon good authority that our banjo club this year is superior to Princeton's of last year. Some day, perhaps, this musical talent among us may, under the direction of the hard-working leader of the glee club, bring forth such a book as will cause us to keep pace with our sister colleges in music as in athletics; while to the alumnus there will be the remembrance of no sweeter sound than his Alma Mater's glees.

\* \* \*

The Gossip understands that the following short but highly instructive lecture was recently delivered by a Lehigh instructor amid great applause occasioned by the local hits therein: "Gentlemen, pure mathematics is based upon axioms and definitions. Hence mechanics cannot be classified as a division of pure mathematics, since it depends primarily upon experiment. And this is how we determine the resultant of several forces acting at the same time.

"Now let us take the cocktail [the class openly expressed its willingness]—I mean for illustration—as it is a familiar subject to us all. It is composed of several elements, which, if taken singly, would produce no particular result. But when the forces act together a peculiar result is produced. This result we find by *experiment*.

"Isn't that so, Mr. St—w?" [Deafening applause.]

\* \* \*

With commendable energy some members of the Glee Club have organized a minstrel troupe in college and so rapidly have the arrangements progressed that a program has been made out and a caste selected.

The Gossip doubts not that these gentlemen found much more talent lying dormant than was ever dreamt of, and should the entertainment prove the success it promises to be, he looks for a speedy revival of the Mustard and Cheese.

\* \* \*

The time is drawing nigh when we are to hear some results of the Juniors' first term's training in oratory, and the Gossip is looking forward to the 22nd of February in anticipation

of a brilliant exhibition in that line. In the list of subjects given, every Junior could find one suited to his tastes, and should therefore make use of his talent instead of burying it. The present Junior Class has shown itself, as a whole, very proficient in the lingual art during the past term, and there is a large portion of the class in which it would be difficult to name the best six, so let us hope for an interesting and close competition on Washington's Birthday.

#### DR. NORTON'S BROTHER.

**I**T was in a village of Eastern Pennsylvania, and New Year Eve. A crowd of gaily costumed and noisy masqueraders were dancing around a lamp-post, to which was clinging a poorly clad, odd looking individual, whose restless eyes were evidently watching more than eagerly for an opportunity for escape from the constantly and rapidly moving circle that enclosed him. Twice the figure at the lamp-post had darted toward openings in the bewildering circle that promised escape. Once he missed his footing and fell to the icy ground, and again a blow from one of the masqueraders had repulsed him, and, catching his torn and dirty cap from the gutter, where it had fallen, in his long bony fingers, he crept hastily back to the lamp-post once more to wait and watch for another chance. The look of combined terror and appeal in his eyes found its only answer in jeers and shouts, each effort to escape adding new life to the movements and cries of those about him. The wind was coming around the corner now in bitter blasts, driving the fast falling snow into the faces of the masqueraders and their victim, but, unmindful of its fierce attacks, the dance went on.

Presently the door of a neighboring house was opened, and in the blaze of light from within, the figure of Doctor Norton, the village physician, who lived there, a bachelor and alone, bareheaded, his gray hair tossed in the

wind, was seen descending the steps and making his way toward the group about the lamp-post. As the doctor approached the revelry subsided and the dancing ceased. One or two of the masqueraders drew back from the dim light of the lamp into the darkness, as though ashamed to face him, and all touched their fanciful headgears as a mark of respect to the man who, next to the rector of the village church, occupied the highest post in the regard of the community. Through the circle and up to the shivering, cringing creature in the centre the doctor made his way. Whispering a few evidently reassuring words in his ear and drawing his half frozen hand through his arm, the doctor turned to the masqueraders and said gravely: "Boys, I want you to come over to my house for a few minutes, I have something to say to you all." Looking as if they would have been glad to escape the expected rebuke, but were afraid to do so, the boys fell in behind the doctor and his charge and the queer looking procession filed across the street and up the steps into the physician's home, where they were ushered into a large drawing room. Only the flames from a great open fireplace furnished light for the apartment. They threw large shadows on the walls opposite, all the more mysterious and uncanny for the oddness of the costumes they reflected. The doctor bowed toward the chairs. Some of

his guests took them. Some moved off toward the dark recesses and corners of the room. One of them, the creature that had caused the merriment outside, shrank back behind a great screen beside the fireplace, drawing his rags about him and looking steadily at his protector, mutely appealing for further protection. The doctor stood motionless before the fire, apparently lost in troublesome thoughts, if his troubled face told the truth from within. The windows rattled occasionally. A shutter banged restlessly against the wall. But save for those sounds all was silent.

Presently the doctor turned slowly from the fire and spoke. His face looked so careworn and the tremor in his voice was so apparent that even the thoughtless boys forgot for the moment their fear of a scolding, and sympathized. "Boys," he said kindly, "I don't know why it is that sometimes it comes into our hearts to make sport of the misfortunes of those about us. But it does, and that is what you have been doing to-night. I am sure, however, that no word of mine is needed to send you on your way home to-night sorry for what you have done in making a butt for your ridicule and abuse a man whom God has appointed to live on without his reason. If ever a fellow being needed your sympathy this one does. But the wrong you have done has come from the thoughtlessness of boyhood, and to-morrow you will go back to your paths in life the better, perhaps, for the incidents of to-night—more heedful of your duty to your fellow men, truer in your manhood. But, after all, it is I who am most to blame for the wrong, and it is different with me. I cannot go out with you to take up the thread of life again almost at its beginning. Mine is near to the end. The consciousness of the failings of the past, the selfishness, the neglect of the most sacred duties, is all the more bitter since there is so little time before me to make up for so much that is behind me. What you have done to-night has taught me a lesson—one that has brought with it remorse and pain and suffering,

but I believe it is well learned. To show that it is, to make a good beginning, I brought you over here to-night to tell you a story. It is this: There were once three brothers who lived in a little town in this State. They were of lowly parentage and poor. When their father and mother died, within a few months of each other, the three boys were thrown entirely on their own resources. Two of them went west to earn their living, and the eldest obtained employment in a large city, where he had the opportunity to study medicine. He afterwards settled down in a town not very far from here and practiced so successfully that in time he became rich. Only once in the fifteen years that followed the separation of the brothers did the eldest one hear from the others. That was when he received the announcement of the death of one and the loss of the other's reason. It happened in this way. Both boys went into railroad employment, one of them as a fireman and the other as a telegraph operator and station agent. They wandered from one road to another until at last they entered the employ of the Moses Mountain Railway Company in Missouri. The road covered a distance of some fifteen miles from the Miscreed Valley towns to the summit of Moses Mountain, where the mines of the company owning the line were located. At first the road had not been used for passenger traffic, only for hauling ore and supplies. The grade was so heavy and the construction work so hastily done and insufficient that it was considered too dangerous for passenger use. Occasionally a car or two broke away from a train or slipped off a switch and down the line. Sometimes the runaway jumped the track without doing any damage. Sometimes it struck an ore train and some of the families down in the valley lost a brother, or a son, a husband and father. They were employes of the road, and under the law as it then existed the company usually escaped responsibility. Perhaps they were responsible to God. At least the company decided to put on a passenger train or two a day. I suppose

they saw a chance to make some money and thought it worth while to run the risk of occasional disaster. They must have credit, however, for one step in the direction of safety. It did not cost much time, or thought, or money, but still it was something. Half way up the mountain, and just below the worst part of the grade where cars most frequently ran away, they put in what they called a safety switch. It was simply a switch that ran off into the creek bottom. Here they also put a little telegraph office, and one of these brothers I was telling you about was stationed there as operator. When he was notified from above that a car had gotten away he had only to turn the switch and throw the car into the bottom, thus saving damage to property and life below.

"One night," the doctor continued after a moment's pause, "the operator received a message from below that the evening passenger train had started up the grade and would be due at his station in ten minutes. A few moments later he received a warning from above that one of the big freight engines had become unmanageable and was coming down the grade at frightful speed. His orders were to throw it off on the safety switch. He asked the number of the engine. The answer came '17.' He asked if any one was on board. The key ticked out the answer, 'Only the fireman. Engineer jumped.' 'Only the fireman' and '17' was his brother's engine. Then it was his own flesh and blood he was to send off the switch to death to save the passenger train! He knew that if his brother was the fireman on board he would stay there to the end. That was the kind of a boy he had always been—plucky to being a daredevil. As long as there was a chance of stopping the engine he would forget his own danger. The operator's fingers seemed frozen as they dropped from the key, and he staggered back from his table, the realizing sense of the duty that lay before him coming with a rush to his senses. He was poor and ignorant, but in his way he had loved this

younger brother who was standing at his post so gallantly on the engine. Whatever the quality and quantity of that love, it was the best that was in him. It had been so in childhood. The long, weary years that had followed had made it less demonstrative perhaps, but the hardships of those years, the sharing of them, had only deepened it. Here was the end of it all. Those were the orders. They were still ticking in his brain, it seemed, just as they had come from the instrument, and it was his duty. He knew that without the order.

"Suddenly the operator heard a rumbling from up the mountain. He leaned forward and out of the window. Far up there, now and again, he could see the flash of the headlight as the engine sped around the curves. In two minutes it would be there. He drew back in horror and staggered toward the door. It was to be done and there was no one else to do it. He was alone there on the mountain, with no one to share the responsibility. But as he threw the door back his courage was failing. He was pausing. He would let the engine go by and give his brother at least one more chance for life. The world had no claim on him, he thought. The passengers down there in the train had no claim on him, he whispered to himself. He was almost turning back, but something told him that was a lie. The world, the passengers, his own manhood had a claim on him, and he was going to respect it. Out into the night he went with his face turned half in appeal for strength, half in question toward the starry heaven. Down to the switch he rushed. He turned the key. The handle worked easily in its socket. The rails clicked as they sank into place—there was a rush of wind, a roar, a flash of light, as the ponderous engine jolted over the switch—the door of the firebox flew open and in the yellow glare of light the operator saw his brother's face blanched and deathlike, but brave and determined, as the fireman stood with his hand on the lever, with every muscle strained—a rumble as the engine

passed into the bottom—a crash—a shriek of despair—the passenger train was saved!"

Again the doctor paused and looked toward the figure behind the screen. At last he spoke again, but his voice was so weak that he could hardly be heard. "They found the operator a week later," he said, "wandering on the mountain side, hungry and ragged and bruised—a hopeless idiot. The people in the neighborhood raised a purse and sent the poor fellow to his brother, the doctor, but he was a brute. He knew that people shrank from such unfortunates. He was afraid that the presence of the idiot in his home would hurt his business. And so he sent him to the county poor-farm. He sent him there in such a way that no one knew whom he was or where he came from. The man who had faced his duty at the cost of a brother's life and his own reason became a

common pauper—because he had a coward for a brother. Months and even years passed. One night the poor fellow escaped from the poor-house and wandered into the neighboring town, and a crowd of thoughtless boys—but you know the rest. That is he over there. I am the brother who was ashamed of him. But these two brothers are going to live here together after this, and may heaven forgive me for the past.

The fire was burning low in the grate as the doctor concluded his story, but in the dim light the boys could see him move softly toward his now sleeping brother and bury his face in the rags that covered his breast. There was a moment's silence. The door opened and the masqueraders moved quietly out, leaving Dr. Norton alone with the hero of Moses Mountain.

GUIDO.

### JESSE ARTLEY WESTFALL.

**A**T a special meeting of the Freshman Class, held on January 3d, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the wise Providence of Almighty God, our classmate, Jesse Artley Westfall, has been suddenly taken from our midst; and

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Freshman Class, have lost a friend and fellow-classmate who was held in universal esteem; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That in their deep affliction we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family; and

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, entered upon the minutes of our meeting, and be published in the Bethlehem daily papers and THE LEHIGH BURR.

T. D. CLARKE,  
J. F. BUDD,  
R. S. HUSE,  
F. M. FLETCHER,  
PAUL POWARS.

## GENERAL NEWS.

## NORTHWESTERN LEHIGH ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual banquet of the association was held in Chicago on the evening of January 3d, 1891. The occasion was so enjoyable that the members separated with the intention of holding bi-monthly meetings during the year. For various reasons these gatherings did not occur and the association showed few signs of life until near the close of the year. A number of informal meetings in December resulted in the selection of January 2d, 1892, as the date for the annual banquet, and a very attractive program was arranged.

At 1 P. M. the members met at the Leland Hotel and from there proceeded to the site of the World's Columbian Exposition, the progress of the work there being inspected under the guidance of Mr. H. F. J. Porter, '78, assistant mechanical engineer. On leaving the exposition, the party separated to meet at 7 P. M. at the Hotel Richelieu. At the business meeting the annual election resulted as follows: President, H. F. J. Porter, '78; vice president, J. N. Barr, '71; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Hittell, '87. A meeting was arranged for January 12th for the purpose of organizing bi-monthly meetings for the future. The secretary was requested to inform each member of the address of all the others.

The banquet was thoroughly enjoyed, four hours being spent around the table. There were no set toasts, but much pleasant chat, old memories being revived and old stories retold, while interspersed between the wit and laughter were serious talks on the true value of college training, the speakers telling in what way they had been benefited by their college course, and their remarks, as coming from those who are making their way to position and success, were of great value to the younger members.

Informally, J. P. Rafferty, ex-'91, responded to "Athletics." "The Press of Chicago" was given and a silent toast drunk to "The Dead Graduates of Lehigh." "Lehigh" brought out the college cheer, which sounded for the first time through the hotel corridors.

The banquet committee were given a vote of thanks and in this way also the association expressed their appreciation of Mr. Porter's courtesy to them in the afternoon. The secretary read regrets from many who could not come, Dr. Lamberton being among the number. A theatre party to be given to the association by Mr. James D. Carson, '76, was abandoned, owing to his illness.

The association wishes to be a rallying point for all Lehigh men located in districts tributary to Chicago. Probably a room will be secured as headquarters where all Lehigh men will be welcomed, and in every way possible Lehigh will be given publicity in Chicago. There is every reason to suppose that when the University's merits as a technical institution are known, the western delegation to South Bethlehem will annually increase. The twofold object of the association is, therefore, to bring together the men who have attended Lehigh, and in so doing to be the means of sending there those who in after years will gloriously repay the debt they there incur by adding to the renown of their alma mater.

Those present were: J. N. Barr, '71; H. F. J. Porter, '78; C. L. Jenness and C. C. Thomas, '85; W. A. Lydon and R. C. Gotwald, '86; J. B. Hittell, '87; E. W. Pratt, '90; Walton Forstall, '91; T. C. Rafferty and J. P. Rafferty, ex-'91, and E. K. Bishop, '93.

The secretary's address is Room 51, City Hall, Chicago, and he would be glad to hear from any Lehigh man living between the Alleghenies and the Rockies.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous communications published.]

**E**DITORS LEHIGH BURR:—In THE BURR of December 7th there is an “open letter” and “comment” which should not pass unnoticed.

It is every man’s privilege and duty to act in these matters as he thinks just, and no outsider can thoroughly appreciate the inconveniences and limitations our professors submit to in their work from lack of funds. To such an one, contemplating the large amounts (too large, I fear,) spent on buildings and campus, the erection of a bronze statue might appear as though Lehigh were aiming at another distinction than that originally intended by Asa Packer. However, I hope this view won’t spread among the alumni generally, because it is not a fair one and does not reflect (so far as I can learn) the general sentiment of Lehigh men throughout the country.

To those who were not able to attend the pleasant reunion last June it should be said that a committee was then appointed to originate some proper expression of our feelings towards the late Judge Packer. This committee was composed of men of marked ability, who thoroughly considered all propositions before finally adopting this one. It should not be necessary to say more. Some men will always “button their pockets”—they are always searching for the “holes,” and there is no more frequent excuse offered than that “the method is hardly approved of.” In business, it is, I suppose, every man’s duty to make his position tell as much as possible, but “business” and “erecting memorials” are different pursuits; and the trait which in the former is admirable is in the latter somewhat out of place. Certainly this stand impedes the action of the committee greatly and it does not add additional grace to our gift.

To those who feel that a bronze statue is money spent in beautifying only, it should be said that youth has not lost all ideals. Every

student, unless he be a dolt, will feel a thrill of admiration and a sense of quickening courage as he passes this monument on his way to recitations. That student is made much more a man—is much better aided to face life’s struggles than if he had a new machine to study—or even than if he had a fountain at which to quench his thirst, as some anti-Rennig alumnus proposes. What more appropriate expression of our appreciation of Asa Packer’s munificence can be conceived than a bronze statue?—it is the world-wide medium of expressing exalted esteem and admiration and heartfelt gratitude.

No! This is no tinsel to Lehigh’s ornamentation. This is our duty—an imperative duty that we should erect this memorial, and now that we have awakened to the fact, don’t let us waste time in words. Don’t refrain from giving because you have other ideas as to what is most appropriate. Give because you recognize and appreciate large-heartedness.

F. L. GRAMMER.

*Wilkinsburg, Dec. 10, 1891.*

**E**DITORS LEHIGH BURR:—The day before the Thanksgiving game, Walter Camp took the Yale team into a recitation room and, by means of charts and diagrams, illustrated and theorized upon the tactics of the coming struggle. This will no doubt open the eyes of some smaller colleges who look upon football as a free-for-all, simultaneous cane-rush. In 1889 Princeton developed the interference game, and thereby won her famous victory from Yale. Does this not show the immense importance of the scientific study of the game? A good coach would attend to that.

Another way of stimulating interest in the game is by rendering homage and honor to members of the team, thus enhancing the value of such membership and inducing sharp competition.

Just before the Yale-Princeton game, as Yale’s famous athletes of previous years, extending back decades, passed before the

stand, where beauty and chivalry were lost in blue, the name of each hero of former foot-ball fields was called out by friends and was responded to by enthusiastic and appreciative cheers. What a tremendous impetus it gave to the Yale freshman who was getting tired of training!

Walter Camp, writing in October *Outing* on American foot-ball, says, "Lehigh has an undying resolve to earn a place in the Intercollegiate Association."

In this remark he shows an admiration for our pluck. The Philadelphia *Press* exhibits a similar admiration in the use of such terms as "Men of Lehigh," "Lehigh's brawn," &c. In fact, if we look about us we will find that our foot-ball teams have won respect and esteem on all sides. Where one person has heard of Lehigh's engineering, two have heard of her foot-ball.

But if Mr. Camp had written near the last of November instead of the first of October he would probably have omitted that tribute. Our standard has been lowered during the last season. While Cornell and U. P. have forged ahead we have dropped back. The hard work and glorious victories of former teams are in danger of waste and fruitlessness. Our opportunity for winning high repute in a game of ever-increasing popularity threatens to slip from our grasp.

If we do not owe it to ourselves to make strenuous exertions in winning high laurels, do we not owe it to those former heroes of the field who have gone forever from our mountain side, but who still eagerly scan the morning papers to find out Lehigh's score.

What can we do? Some years ago Cornell had a team which in its pitiable weakness could hardly stand up before a summer sunset. The year before that she had a trainer from Yale, who accomplished great things. So last year Cornell put the results of the former seasons together, underwent a spell of mental lucidity, secured proficient coaches, swept everything in sight, and almost swept Princeton,

who is \_\_\_\_\_. Wagenhurst, Camp, and others have done the same for U. P. Yale's team did not win the victory at New York on Thanksgiving. According to Capt. McClung's own confession, it was Camp, Bull, Rhoads, and a half dozen other foot-ball veterans who taught them how. As the Fourth of July orator says, "Mind dominates matter and force."

W. Y. B.

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**E**DITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Tuition, like salvation, is no longer free. Pew rents are to be raised in the Synagogue of Knowledge.

The question asked by every one, by those even to whom Lehigh is but a name, is, What will be the effect upon the institution?

When the stern hand of fortune forces an unpalatable morsel down the throat of squirming humanity, religious philosophy is apt to fold its hands and say, "It's all for the best." Worldwise philosophy clenches its fingers and says, "Make it for the best."

The imposition of tuition fees must of course have possibilities of good and evil to the University. It is the part of wisdom to discover and develop all the possibilities for good, and to nullify as far as possible those of evil.

At any rate, it was better to come out squarely and state the fact of help being needed; to say that money would be accepted from other sources than the dividend account of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, than to longer let concealment, "like the worm i' the bud," prey upon the financial heart of the University.

In a recent number of THE BURR, an "Alumnus" contributed a most clear-sighted discussion of the many benefits which may flow from the change of policy. I think there is one other.

The alumnus of the future, who can file away with his diploma four tuition fee receipts of \$100 each, will feel that he owns an interest in the University, that he is a stockholder in the corporation. Feeling this, he may, through his representative, the alumni trustee, request a voice in the management of the concern, and

if his request is not granted he *may* avail himself of the opportunity of making his protest felt by sending his sons and younger brothers, and the price of their tuition, to institutions which are managed in part, at least, by their alumni. If his request is granted, the present annual force of electing honorary alumni trustees, who are merely permitted to listen to the minutes of the *last* meeting of the Board and then are politely requested to leave lest they should even *hear* what the Board proposes to do for the *present* and *future*, will be done away with.

Much has been said and written about the worthlessness of college men in business management. Nothing has been said or written about the worthlessness of business men in college management. To the superficial reasoner it might seem that the rule held in both instances, did not the glorious record of Lehigh prove the second to be a failing case. And yet there are a few institutions, such as Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, and Dartmouth, which have acquired some prominence under aulumni management.

Whom do the shrewd and keen-sighted gentlemen who dominate the great industrial enterprises of the Lehigh Valley take into their boards of directors to advise with them

—Carinan, '93, has left college to continue his studies at Johns Hopkins.

—Fifty-six new lockers have been erected in the large room on the first floor in the gymnasium.

—Among those in town at the reopening of college were G. M. Curtis, Jr., ex-'93, and W. L. Warner, ex-'93.

—Dr. Coppée, who has been quite ill for some time, so that he has not been able to meet his classes, resumed work Tuesday.

—Since Lehigh is no longer a free institution, Leland Stanford is the only American college in which tuition is free in all its branches.

in shaping the policy of their great corporations? Are they not the men who were first faithful apprentices, then industrious journeymen, and finally able and energetic foremen and superintendents? In the factory of knowledge the freshman may be likened to an apprentice, the upper classman to a journeyman, and the instructor to a foreman, the members of the faculty to department superintendents; but evidently the parallel stops right there at Lehigh. No alumnus has yet become a director.

The little cloud of the imposition of tuition fees which, no larger than a man's hand, has risen upon the University horizon, may portend the downpour of a rain of gentle influences that will some day cause the year-old chestnuts of information now doled out to the alumni and student body through their representatives to sprout and push their way up to the height of the present, so that these parties at interest will know what is being done and will be done, as well as what was done a year ago. Perhaps, even, the blessed day may come when the alumni may not only know what is going on, but may have a small voice in saying whether it *shall* go on—or off.

ANOTHER ALUMNUS.

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—The committee to arrange the Junior Class banquet is composed of J. O. Mathewson, W. F. Mylander, and A. B. Sharpe.

—The Lehigh Club of New York City has arranged a dinner to take place at the "Arena," West 31st St., on Tuesday evening, February 9th. All the undergraduates are cordially invited, and it is hoped there will be a large gathering of Lehigh men.

—B. E. Woodcock, '92, has been elected captain of the base-ball team, to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal from college of C. W. Throckmorton, '93. Thirty-five men have already signified their intention to train for the team.

## THE PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL CLUB.

THE High School Club, which was formed last week at the Wyandotte, bids fair to be of much service to the University as well as to the members themselves. Its general purpose has been declared as being "the advancement of social intercourse among those students of the University who have completed either a full or partial course at the Central High School, of Philadelphia."

There are other objects, however, for which the club was organized.

One of these consists in influencing persons seeking the benefits of a college education to enter the Lehigh University, especially former students of the Philadelphia Central High School.

Another object, which is equally important, is the keeping of a record of all students from the above school who have entered the University.

The record (which will be kept for the present by Mr. Richards) will contain information relating to the student's rank in college, from year to year, with dates of his admission and graduation, and other data in the way of distinctions he may have obtained in his college career.

Through this record, it is hoped that the members of the club will be encouraged to continue those habits of hard work and intelligent effort to which they were trained in their high school course, and which have been the key to so many successful careers.

## KERNELS.

—Considerable space is given in *Electrical Engineering* to a description of the Moore trolley. Mr. Moore is a graduate of Lehigh, of the class of '88.

—At an entertainment given at the residence of J. Davis Brodhead, on Jan. 9, in honor of Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Davis read two of his yet unpublished stories, and C. Dana Gibson, the celebrated artist of *Harper's Weekly* and *Life*, illustrated the scenes with hasty charcoal sketches.

—The Minstrel Club is thoroughly organized and plans for the coming entertainment are progressing. The committee who have the thing in charge are Jessup, '92, Sharpe, '93, Durfee, '93, Payne, '94, and Hall, '94. It is requested that all who wish to participate will make themselves known to the committee, and any suggestions will be gladly received. The date for the event has been fixed for February 27th.

—On the evening of January 8th, the men in college from the Philadelphia Central High School met and organized a club with the following officers: President, Jos. W. Richards, A.C., M.S., '86; vice president, William A. Allgaier, '94; corresponding secretary, James E. Hughes, '94; secretary and treasurer, James E. Brooks, '95.

—Davy is building for the Harvard crew a shell weighing 200 pounds, 20 pounds less than that used last June.

—John Ward has been engaged to coach the Dartmouth team.

# For Students

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